1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

614 554 Uru *warige* should carry game and honey for the men of Morane and Unapane.

291 184 Some of the village Veddas of those days had cloth, and when dancing to the *yaku* they wore the long cloth garment called *kangalla*; the wilder Veddas had no cloth and wore leaves, but it was not clear whether they had not also a certain amount of bark cloth which was their ordinary covering, and leaves may have been worn in addition when they invoked the *yaku*[1].

685 609 778 826 The old man knew of the custom of a man keeping a piece of human liver in his betel pouch; it was universal and in his young days every Vedda desired to have a piece. Strangers, even Veddas, who intruded on the hunting grounds would be killed and their liver taken, no other part of the dead man being used, and the custom gave rise neither to warfare nor to vendettas[2].

764 768 Caves in which a death occurred were deserted, the corpse being covered with leaves; perhaps men very near dissolution were left before death had actually occurred, but this did not seem certain. Bones found in the cave when the group returned to it after an interval of some ten or twelve years were thrown away quite carelessly. The spirits of the dead became the Nae Yaku who, with Kande Yaka and Bilindi Yaka, gave game and prosperity. The *kirikoraha* ceremony was performed for the Nae Yaku, and *adukku* (cooked food), which even in the old days consisted of coconut and rice, was offered to them. The wilder Veddas gave nothing to the Buddhist priests and made no offerings at shrines, nor did they know the Kataragam God, Kanda Swami, though the village Veddas worshipped him and knew that Walliame had been taken to wife by him, and honey was presented to the goddess at certain shrines, especially one at Kokote Sila, frequented by the village Veddas.

775 769 771 184

535 751 A few of the village Veddas would dance for the Sinhalese in order to protect their cattle, bring prosperity to their villages, and secure them from epidemics; they would dance *kolamaduwa* which the old man pointed out was derived from a

[1] Cf. p. 213.
[2] For details of this custom see Chapter VIII.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

Veddas are coming more and more in contact with their Sinhalese neighbours, and it is extremely unlikely that the next generation will remain pure.

We visited two of the nearest chena settlements of these people, the huts (Plate X, figure 1) were about as well built as those of the average Sinhalese chena, though the cultivation itself was certainly less systematic and orderly. The Namadewa folk lived in one settlement while the Morane and Unapane inhabited another.

Although all these Veddas have come in contact with the Sinhalese and are visited by Moormen hawkers for trade purposes—as indeed even the wildest have been for many generations—they have retained their old custom of not allowing the stranger in the midst of their settlement where he might meet their women. A rough shelter had been built at one corner of the Namadewa chena in which the pedlars sat and waited until the Vedda men came to bargain with them. Hence in the main these people have retained their old virtues of truthfulness, chastity and courtesy. The first, upon which practically every observer has remarked, was modified in a particular direction, for they all wished to show that they were pure-blooded Veddas of the Morane and Unapane clans, which were considered superior to the rest. So the Namadewa men lied freely, declaring that they belonged to Morane and Unapane, and one young man, otherwise a good informant, insisted that he was still unmarried, as he did not want to own that his wife was a Namadewa woman. Cases of intermarriage with Sinhalese were also emphatically denied, or only admitted after much cross-examination. Plate III represents a number of the men we met at Bendiyagalge.

Danigala. The Danigala Veddas of the Nilgala district present a peculiar phase of the clash of civilization and barbarism. They are the classical "wild Veddas" of Ceylon described by so many travellers; their descent is pure but their own customs have been almost entirely forgotten, and are certainly ignored at the present day. They live in the park country, have a chena and a banana garden, and do a good trade in cattle both by herding for the Sinhalese, retaining every fifth calf as is the

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

custom of the country and also selling those they have bred themselves. However, all this was unknown to us when we first met the people, nor would it have been possible to guess their prosperous condition from the first sight of their settlement. It was well known throughout the Vedirata that investigations were about to be made among the Veddas, and all the village headmen had been given instructions to render assistance. They therefore told the Veddas to expect us, and would have sent for them to come to the Public Works Department bungalow on our arrival had we not expressly stated that we preferred to visit the people in their homes. A very rough track led to the top of the Danigala Hill, about 1200 feet high, where, on a rounded shoulder of rock, stood the skeleton hut of the Danigala Veddas shown in Plate II. This was built on the pattern of the ordinary village Vedda habitations but entirely lacked the slats of bark which make the sides moderately weather proof. By its side was an even rougher shelter consisting of a large bough with the smaller branches trimmed and overlaid with banana leaves. Kaira the patriarch or "senior" of the group sat outside the hut with three other men; there were also present three women, a boy of about 12, and two younger children, and although both of the latter had many teeth they suckled persistently. This hut and some of its occupants are shown in Plate II, the rough shelter by its side in Plate XI, figure 1.

Although Mr Bibile, whom all these people knew quite well, was with us, they were quite apathetic, their attitude was clearly not the result of shyness, but simply due to the fact that they took no interest in our presence; the women continued to suckle their infants and the men squatted or lay upon the rocks and chewed in gloomy silence, and when addressed they grunted "yes" or "no." One of the infants who smiled and cooed and tried to gain our attention was the only member of the group who seemed to take the least notice of us. Kaira told us that the people we now saw represented all that remained of the Danigala Veddas. We noticed some bananas (which do not grow wild in Ceylon) on the further side of the ridge and we asked to see their plantation. A prompt denial of its existence was the result, though Kaira afterwards told Mr Bibile that he

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

would show him his chena but that he did not wish the white people to know anything about it. Further talk with these people showed that it was impossible to obtain reliable information from them, they had been utterly spoilt as the result of being frequently interviewed by travellers. 609 123

The Veddas have long been regarded as a curiosity in Ceylon and excite almost as much interest as the ruined cities, hence Europeans go to the nearest Rest House on the main road and have the Danigala Veddas brought to them. Naturally the Veddas felt uncomfortable and shy at first, but when they found that they had only to look gruff and grunt replies in order to receive presents they were quite clever enough to keep up the pose. In this they were aided by the always agreeable villagers ever ready to give the white man exactly what he wanted. The white man appeared to be immensely anxious to see a true Vedda, a wild man of the woods, clad only in a scanty loin cloth, carrying his bow and arrows on which he depended for his subsistence, simple and untrained, indeed, little removed from the very animals he hunted. What more easy than to produce him? The Nilgala headman sends word when strangers are expected, then the Veddas repair to their very striking hut on the rock dome and often post a look-out on a big rock about half way up, for on our second visit the leading man of our party who was carrying the camera stated that he saw a Vedda bolting from this rock as we came up. These folk, who when we saw them wore their Vedda loin cloths and were smeared with ashes, are reported to wear ordinary Sinhalese clothes when not in their professional pose, and Mr Bibile, who has himself seen one or more of them in sarongs, points out that the imposture is kept up for two main reasons; firstly, they fear that their cultivation might be stopped (evidently an echo of the chena difficulty of the Eastern Province), or that they might be taxed if they did not appear to be poor fellows living on hardly won jungle produce; secondly, their pose of poverty interests strangers and procures them visitors, whose generosity is the greater the more primitive their mode of life appears to be. [291]

As a matter of fact the Danigala Veddas like those of Henebedda (with whom we became really friendly) keep cattle 231

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-8 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

231 for the Sinhalese of Potuliyadde, receiving every fifth calf that is born. The community has, or recently had, ten or more head of cattle of their own and have sold bulls to the brother-in-law of our *tavalam*[1] leader for as much as 30 Rs., indeed, our *tavalam* leader stated that he had himself visited the Danigala chena and 291 had also seen the cattle. On this occasion Kaira and his sons wore a coloured cloth as the Sinhalese do and their women wore a *kambaya* and coloured breast handkerchief. Mr Bibile was 621 able to confirm some of these statements from his own know- 177 ledge and on making investigations among the local villagers 609 discovered that there was a whole community living on the chena settlement, some of whom had married Sinhalese. Indeed it appeared that not only have members of this community learnt to play the part of professional primitive man, but there has even been specialisation, for as far as we could learn, the men we met at the look-out hut are those who always receive visitors or come to Bibile when sent for, while the others whom we did not see do not pose as wild Veddas. Probably the part they now play had only recently crystallised into a professional rôle, but it must be remembered that so long ago as 1863 Bailey discussing these Veddas, or their fathers, says "they were brought in from the forests to be 'looked at'" and he adds, "I never saw that contempt for money which Tennant supposes is still existing[2]."

101 **Kovil Vanamai.** In the Eastern Province in the neighbourhood of Devulani tank the Kovil Vanamai Veddas are found, this term being applied to a number of groups of Veddas living in this neighbourhood. The name Kovil Vanamai means temple [346] precincts and seems to have arisen from there being one or more temples in this part of the country, while some of these shrines are traditionally associated with Veddas, apparently with old settled coast and village Veddas, for we have no reason to think that the ancestors of the folk we saw at Bandaraduwa, or the other wilder Veddas of fifty years ago, were in any way guardians of the temples or dependent on their 511 bounty. Although at the present day the Kovil Vanamai Veddas are represented by scattered groups, for the most part

[1] A *tavalam* is a train of pack bulls.

[2] Bailey, *op. cit.* p. 285.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

a surplus to barter with the Moormen on their annual visit, or to take into the nearest Sinhalese village to exchange for iron, cloth, pots and occasional rice and coconuts.

Plate XIII represents the women of this group, the plates on which the men were photographed were accidentally destroyed shortly after we left Sitala Wanniya. Handuna whose height was 1·530 mm. (60¼ inches) looked a typical Vedda; Vela who was two inches taller also had a Vedda physiognomy though his appearance was not so typical; Kaira and Pema both looked as though they were of mixed blood, and Nila, height 1·555 mm. (61¼ inches), shown in Plate LV, would certainly not be taken for a Vedda at all.

Neither the assurance of a regular supply of food, nor the apathy produced by gradual starvation, had caused them to neglect their old ceremonies, and we found that once these people had overcome their shyness they were communicative, extremely courteous and merry. When the men understood they were free to come to our camp whenever they liked and that areca nut and betel leaves were always ready for them, they granted us the same freedom of their own cave, only stipulating that we should never allow our servants to go near it.

When they first led us to their cave we noticed that they stopped and shouted when about a quarter of a mile distant and did not proceed until an answering shout was heard. This they said was their custom and was equally observed whether they were accompanied by strangers or not. The place at which they stopped was their usual dancing ground as well as the spot on which pedlars were received and barter carried on, for strangers were never allowed to approach their caves or see their women.

Galmede. A family of Veddas of the Galmede group, seen at Godatalawa, consisted of ten persons who had left their old home in the Nuwaragala Hills, and who appeared to be moderately pure-blooded. The old man of the community proved a good informant, remembering a considerable number of old customs and invocations, but he was not a shaman, and as there was not one in the community most of the customs had fallen into desuetude. The members of this community were living on a very poor chena and, when we saw them, were in great difficulties as

[illegible]

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

and "tame" Veddas, and to come to more recent times, there is evidence that a hundred years ago there were organized communities of house-building Veddas, while certain Veddas received grants of land from the Sinhalese kings, and on these lived as definite village communities until quite recently, probably till within the last half century.

Village Veddas of Uva Bintenne.

Dambani. The present community of Dambani, in the jungle between Kallodi and Alutnuwara, may serve as an example of a village Vedda community. Some twenty families living in tolerably built houses keep buffaloes and cultivate chena, the latter being big enough not only to supply their own wants, but to permit of a lively trade with Sinhalese traders. These Dambani folk have been known to the Arachi of Belligala as a flourishing community in the same social condition for the last thirty years, and he states that they were in this condition in his father's time. A short visit was sufficient to show that here was a community which, though it had lost many Vedda beliefs, still retained others, and was so strong and independent that there was little likelihood of its immediate fusion with the surrounding population. Physically these people (Plate XV, figure 2), though somewhat darker and often of a stouter build than the Danigala Veddas, could not be mistaken for Sinhalese. The Dambani people are unfortunately "show" Veddas, that is to say, people who have been sent for so often by white visitors that they have learnt certain tricks, which they show off directly they see a European, and so constantly demand presents that serious work with them is an impossibility.

A positive advantage which has, however, arisen from this condition, is that these folk have kept up the remains of the so-called Vedda language. The headman in whose district these Veddas are situated is largely responsible for this, for he always speaks to them in their own dialect in harsh tones. He is an extremely kind old man, and answers definite questions perfectly truthfully, yet like so many Sinhalese, he generally says only what he thinks is expected of him, hence, the belief in the fierce sullen ways of the Veddas and their inability to laugh has been

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1981
AX5 Vedda AX5

622 unconsciously fostered by him. A brief account of our visit to
156 Dambani will best show the present condition of these people.

While in the jungle we were suddenly met by four Veddas,
177 who greeted the Arachi in a deep and apparently fierce tone, he
576 returning the greeting in the same manner. To our surprise these men came up to one of us (C. G. S.), shook hands, and then turned and led us to their village, on the way to which we passed a couple of "tame" buffalo that tried to charge
[361] us. There were three huts in the village and the headman's wife—not at all shy or diffident—after shaking hands took one of us (B. Z. S.) by the arm and led her into a hut. This
[342] had a good roof and walls of sticks, only one side being closed by bark slats, it was full of pumpkins and other chena
126 produce, which were however soon removed. We then sat down to take vocabularies, as the talk going on around us sounded quite different from Sinhalese and they professed not to understand our interpreter who was unable to follow them. So we
574 spoke through the Arachi. The headman's wife brought us each
609 some honey and yams and commanded us to eat. We sucked
43) the honey comb, but that did not satisfy her and she tried to feed one of us (B. Z. S.) with yams herself and to pour water down her throat. After giving us a few Vedda words, the Vidane (headman) began to talk very angrily and then stalked out of the hut. He complained that we had not given him presents and refused to speak another word until we gave him something. Other men came into the village making a total of about 10 or 11 grown men and some boys, but only two middle-aged women, the wife of the Vidane and another, so it was evident that there were other huts in the neighbourhood. We told the Vidane that our carriers would bring presents and made him and a few other men come back to the hut. But after every two or three words there were more angry protests and our interpreter explained that "other white men had not treated them so." When they raised their voices their talk sounded fierce, every word being shouted with emphasis and accompanied by scowling looks. Then we found out from the Arachi that these like the Danigala Veddas were "show Veddas" who had been utterly spoilt by presents from "distinguished visitors," some of whom

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

had actually been to the village. They had been sent for often to see others at Wewatte and Alutnuwara bungalows, and for even greater folk had been taken to Kandy. And so they had learnt to shake hands and had picked up exaggerated ideas of their own importance and the value of their information, and expected a present for every remark they vouchsafed. It was a horrible change from the courteous behaviour of the Sitala Wanniya cave Veddas.

As the Dambani folk were so very unfriendly we began to hope the carriers would not come at all that night, there was nowhere for them to sleep, and we thought the Veddas might resent their presence. They told us repeatedly that "Sinhalese men would not dare to come to their village," in spite of the fact that there were two petty Sinhalese traders in the village at the time, who did not even trouble to go away before dark, but seemed naturally to expect a night's lodging, which was granted them without any fuss, and there appeared to be no difficulty about language with them. About six o'clock our servants and the carriers arrived, and curiously enough instead of resenting the intrusion the Veddas seemed very impressed by their number, and presumably our importance, in having so many dependents, for they became much more friendly.

The next morning early, we set the phonograph going with a Vedda song: immediately the whole village crowded round us, intensely interested. They recognised the song and said it was very good. The Vidane then sang a song into the machine and was quite excited to hear it repeated, but again began his demand for presents although besides a rupee we had now given white cloth to him and the other men from whom we had got vocabularies. Having obtained records we realised that it was impossible to do any good work among such spoilt people and decided to go to Belligala. We offered some beads to the headman's wife, but she said the string was not long enough; this annoyed us and we asked her if she would prefer not to have any, and on her repeating they were not enough we put them away.

The Dambani men said they did not know to which *warige*

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

614 they belonged, which suggested to us that perhaps they belonged to Uru *waruge* or one of the other clans which are considered of inferior status. Although the Arachi of Belligala did not know their *waruge* and believed that they had really forgotten them themselves, our opinion was confirmed by information obtained later from the Arachi of Alutnuwara who said that they were of the Uru and Namadewa *waruge*, while a Vedda of Horaborawewa told us that his mother came from Dambani and she was a Namadewa woman.

596 609 As the Arachi of Belligala assured us the Bulugahaladena Veddas lived in a condition precisely similar to those of Dambani, we did not visit their village but arranged for two of them to visit us at Belligala; they greeted us in the same way as the Dambani folk, with loud and guttural voices, accentuating all the "chs," and shook hands. They brought some honey and yams. They said they could not bring *bambara* honey (for it was too early in the year) so they had brought honey from the stingless bee. After a little while they gradually dropped their [194] guttural tones, especially when they were speaking to the villagers and not to us, their voices, naturally deep, assumed a sing-song tone not unlike that of Nila of Sitala Wanniya. We consider that the gruffness of these Veddas is almost entirely affectation. They have been expected to be sullen and morose and never to laugh. For thirty years the Arachi of Belligala has acted as "show-man" to the Veddas of his district, and he always speaks to them in their "language" in similar or even fiercer tones, and he has shown them so many white men that he has quite lost count of their number. He has thus helped to keep up the fiction of "wildness," for these Veddas are not wild since they are not shy but come up, shake hands, ask for presents, and offer to dance.

178 We believe that they keep up few, if any, of the old Vedda customs; they cultivate chenas and keep cattle, their bows and arrows are probably more for show than use, for the Arachi told us that some of them possess guns while others go to the Sinhalese and borrow them. Deschamps says that Veddas never 157 laugh nor have they ever been seen to smile. Of course this is not true of the Veddas of Nilgala, nor do we think it is true of

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AK5 Vedda AK5

whether in the husband or the wife, appears to be unknown, and I was very careful in my inquiries on this subject. Had it existed, the neighbouring Sinhalese would have had no hesitation in accusing them of it, but I could not obtain a trace of it[1]."

The only case of suicide of which we heard took place in connection with a breach of the common rule of conjugal fidelity. Tissahami, the husband of Kumi, younger sister of the headman of the Bandaraduwa Veddas, carried on an intrigue with his *nanda*, an unmarried girl named Kirimenike. When his wife who was not one of his *nandas* discovered the intrigue, she scolded her husband most unmercifully, "Why go to another woman while I live?—better to have gone to your mother than her." Although his intrigue with Kirimenike was of old standing, Tissahami was so upset with the disgrace of publicity that he killed himself in the compound outside his own hut early one morning. He had a gun, and holding the muzzle to the suprasternal notch, he pulled the trigger with his toe. The dead man's relatives were very angry with Kumi for driving him to desperation but they did not threaten her, nor in any way molest her. Kumi and Kirimenike belonged to the same *warige* (Morane) but were unrelated. Kirimenike subsequently married a Vedda, and went to live at Syringawala where she remained until she died.

In every respect the women seem to be treated as the equals of the men; they eat the same food; indeed, when we gave presents of food the men seemed usually to give the women and children their share first; the same applies to areca nut and other chewing stuffs. The women are jealously guarded by the men, who do not allow traders or other strangers to see them, and those at Sitala Wanniya were too shy to visit our camp, though they welcomed us to their cave, and the dances performed for our benefit took place in the dense jungle so that the women might be present and partake of the food offered to the *yaka*. We had offered to clear a space by our camp where the light would have been better for photography; however, the

[1] J. Bailey, "Wild Tribes of the Veddahs of Ceylon," 1863, *Trans. Ethnol. Soc.* Vol. II, p. 291.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

men explained that though the ceremonies themselves might be performed anywhere the women would not come to our camp, so the dances must take place at the usual dancing ground in the jungle. The day after hearing the phonograph at our camp, the men came to us to request that we should take it to the cave as they had told their wives about it, and they all wanted to hear it too. From these examples the position of Vedda women will be understood.

Writing in 1887 Nevill notices a similar state. "As a rule, among the purer Veddas, the younger women are rigorously excluded or rather protected from contact with strangers. They occupy, however, an honourable and free position in the society of their relations. I only once saw the good-looking girls of the pure Vedda family. My guide was then ahead of our party with me, and abruptly, without explanation further than the word 'my house,' dived into the forest, beckoning me to follow. We had only gone a few hundred yards from the path, when we reached a glade with a little shed. Here a party of girls and women and children were collected, and at sight of us the younger women began to slip away into the woods, but at a word from my guide stopped. They then advanced and one by one stepped up to me with graceful courtesy, each making a Sinhalese bow with both hands when quite close to me, and then stepped aside, with or without a few words of simple welcome. There was no haste or reluctance, nor any approach to curiosity shown. I stopped talking with some of the elder women for a short time, and then went on. Three or four of the women had most exquisite figures, like statues of Psyche, and a clear brown skin. They were bare to the waist, and from the knees down. I never saw Vaedda women at all comparable to these, and then only did I realise the stories I had heard from Sinhalese, of the former great beauty of the Vaedda women. On our return, the clan met us by official appointment; but these girls, and one equally statuesque young mother, were conspicuously absent, and I saw it was understood I should regard my interview as a confidential honour, intentionally arranged to make me feel I was personally trusted and distinguished."

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

562 609 "It is probable good-looking women have often been kept back by others who had not equal confidence in me[1]."

855 Veddas are affectionate and indulgent parents, never refusing a small child anything it wants and giving it always of the best. We have frequently seen men save for their children food which had been given to them and which they considered specially good, such as bananas or coconuts. The babies are generally happy, but should they cry their wishes are immediately gratified by either parent. We saw a naked boy of about two and a half years strut proudly up and down outside Pihilegodagalge with his father's axe hung on his shoulder, he was extremely happy and all went well until he threatened one of the dogs with the axe, then his mother was obliged to interfere and the child tried to hit her with it; the father seeing this got up and tried to coax the child into giving up the axe, but the boy was now excited and would not give it up, at last he flung it at his father and hit his leg. The man was obviously annoyed and threw the axe from him into the jungle, but he did not attempt to scold or punish the child who was now howling with rage, indeed, after a little while some food was given him to pacify him.

Another time a woman who had been cutting yams with a knife put this down, when her baby snatched it up, and although she was obliged to watch lest he hurt himself, she allowed him to play with the knife. Yet when a child is old enough to wear a little rag in the way of clothing, possibly from 858 six to eight years old, he is expected to behave himself properly and strange to say he does so. One day it was raining heavily, and we were all sitting in the rock shelter at Pihilegodagalge; at the further end of the cave we noticed a lad of seven or nine years old having a heated argument with his mother, suddenly he turned round and went out into the rain, when he returned he had controlled his temper; later we remarked on this and were told that the lad was considered old enough to behave as a man; a boy of this age would not hit his mother as a little 855 child might do and yet be excused. It may here be mentioned 291 that children of both sexes go naked until about six or seven years old, though perhaps the general age for the assumption of

[1] *Tijdschrift*, Vol. 1, 1886, p. 192.

C.Seligmann & Seligmann B-S (1907-1966) 1911
A2S Vedda A2S

CHAPTER V

PROPERTY AND INHERITANCE

421 ALL Veddas have a keen sense of ownership, and this is equally developed with regard to the hunting land of the group and the possessions of the individual. It was clear that of old the boundaries of the former were accurately known to all the men of the group and were seldom disregarded except in pursuit of a wounded animal, a contingency especially provided for by the Vedda game laws, and many writers have borne testimony to the unwillingness of Veddas to trespass on the territory of another group.

423 This was noted by Knox, whose remarks on this subject 601 have already been quoted on p. 7. The next mention of this important feature in the organization of the Veddas is made by the Dutch Governor of Ceylon, Ryklof van Goens (1664—1675), the following account being taken from the Drs Sarasin: "The jungle is so divided among the Veddas that every one can easily recognise his boundary...they leave, however, comfortable roads through the interior of their country, for their own purposes as well as for strangers who are obliged to travel from the hills to the plains and vice versa. Don Juan de Costa has told us of such a journey made in the service of Rajah Singha. It was 45 years ago (consequently in 1630) that he descended from the mountains to these Veddah districts. There he was stopped by an archer who was accompanied by others who, armed in a similar manner, stood under the trees. The first enquired his business, whither he intended travelling and what was his mission, whereupon he explained his purpose. He had then to wait there between one and two hours until

1.Seligmann & Seligmann E-S (1907-1908) 1911
AXS Vedda AXS

word arrived from the elder of the district. Then one of the archers accompanied him to the boundary which took between two and three hours' walking. Here he had once more to wait until word arrived from the elders of this district, whereupon the first guide handed him over to a second and then returned. In this way the second guide brought him to a third, and the process continued until he had had more than twelve guides, being over seven days on the way before he reached the province of Batticaloa and the flat district which extended to the coast, and is inhabited by Tamils. He and his ten or twelve companions never suffered any want on the way, as the Veddahs supplied them with food, consisting of good dried venison which was preserved in honey, ground nuts (probably yams) and fruit. But none of the Veddahs spoke a word with him or his companions because it was so prescribed by their customs[1]."

Nevill's account of the life led by both the wilder and the more sophisticated "forest" Veddas has been quoted on pp. 81 and 82, in the chapter on Family Life. Nevill's experience was chiefly gained among the Veddas of the Bintenne, but if rather less emphasis be laid on the hut built "close to a place where water can be got," and it be realised that even during the hot dry season rock shelters are the common homes of the wilder Veddas to the east of the Badulla-Batticaloa road, all that he says on this subject can be implicitly accepted.

Commenting upon Nevill's account, the Sarasins point out that since trespassing on land belonging to another group leads to fierce quarrels, the condition described by Nevill must be taken to imply that the territory of each group includes the whole or a part of one considerable hill or rock *massif*. Our experience enables us to confirm this suggestion, and it will be shown later that not only are hills the property of particular groups, but that subject to the rights of the group there is also personal property in hills. Text figure 4 is a sketch map of the territory of the Henebedda Veddas, and roughly shows the position of their caves, which are named Bendiyagalge, Pattiavelagalge, Hitibemmigalge, Punchikiriammagalge, Uhapitagalge, Maladeniyagalge and Kirawanbalagalge. The last is almost

[1] *Op. cit.* p. 479.

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115 On our return journey, passing the ruins of a remarkable aqueduct
173 of stone—the Watawala Kandiya—beside the remains of a crumbling
439 bund, we arrived at Kurunduwina where we met a doddering ancient who claimed to have been alive when the British took Ceylon a hundred years ago. It is not often one meets old folk in these unhealthy lands. Here, I thought, was one who could tell us something about Veddas of a type we could not hope to see; for within view of his hut were the Sittala Wanniya hills, the immemorial homes of the Veddas. But his decrepit mind needed much jogging.

"Are there Veddas here?" I shouted twice into his deaf old ears.

"Now none," he said.

"Did they live on the rocks yonder?" I asked. He nodded affirmatively.

"Did they come here to barter?" I persisted. His tired lack-lustre eyes flashed to a memory as he answered with surprising alacrity, "Yes they came. When they had no food they came to exchange honey and hides for food. The Vedda would sit there, place his bow there, his arrows there, and his axe there, and he would ask for betel. If any one stepped over his weapons by chance, he would leap up in anger, bite the piece of human liver he carried in his betel-bag, and ask, 'Who's this that dares to defy me?' The gleam faded from the old man's eye, his weary look returned and he uttered not another word, question as I might.

The shifting *chenas* scattered about these parts make it very difficult to say where a village begins or ends. We were resting on the banks of the Rambukkan, (a course parallel to which we had so far followed) somewhere on the confines of Payile and Idambowa, when to our surprise we saw a Buddhist priest accompanied by the inevitable *abiihaya** and a tall, wild, naked fellow. A Vedda of Bingoda the latter was said to be.
[609] We tried to engage him in talk, but he would have none of it; seated on his haunches he stared at us with a hang-dog apathy eloquent of hunger; this melted away in a broad grin as he left us, greedily chewing the handful of muscatels and biscuits we gave him.

The usual route from here to Potuliyadda lay through the village of Mullagama. As this involved a detour we decided on a more direct if less used track; a decision we afterwards regretted as it lost us the interesting Veddas of Bingoda, and incidentally a clue to the discrepancy between Seligmann's statement and local report regarding the Veddas of the "Nuwaragala hills"—a missed opportunity the full significance of which we were only to realise some five years later after miles of
[621] arduous and unnecessary travel. For the present we were told that the Veddas of Bingoda consisted of only three families, and that, though they forsook their huts for caves during the honey season, they were, if anything, less of the real Vedda than those of Henebedde.

Our journey was now an uncertainty; for the guides were doubtful both of the route and the likelihood of water. The jungle, hitherto dense, gave place to an occasional glade. Late in the evening we found ourselves in a spacious *talawa*, rank with tall grass that quite obliterated our path. Here we were benighted, just as we found a pool adequate to our needs. It was an interesting place, a veritable sanctuary, hill-encircled; an ideal

*A neophyte, attendant on a priest.

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

on strenger days, it flamed through the Island making it its permanent home, while in India, the land of its birth, it dwindled away.

We had undertaken this trip with the object of visiting Meminigallagolla where we learned the wildest Veddas of the Eastern province lived; but on coming to Omuna we found that that place, only twelve miles away, was quite unknown to the present folk of Omuna, a pathless barrier of dense jungle intervening. We made the best of a bad job; and, abandoning our original project, struck west for Dolagalwella.

At evening we camped by a desolate pool called *Havan-kapana-mulla* (rush-cutting nook). There is barely a spot in these jungles, however lone, that has not its name, thanks to the nomadic Veddas. Here was a glade in which they hunted, or a pool at which they drank, there a hole in which an axe was found (*Poro-thutu-walle*).

The only indications of the track we followed were the barely recognisable prunings, fifteen years old, of saplings. The forest was ideal for travel; in the shelter of the great trees the morning air was cool and refreshing. Coming to the Maduru Oya we walked a mile up-stream and climbed the mimosa-covered bank, soon to be lost in a wilderness of trees. A leader monkey yelled a warning to his clan, a surprised sambur belled startlingly close; but after that a silence prevailed unbroken by the song of a single bird. We spent the night by a rocky streamlet close-hugged by dense forest walls. Heavy clouds crept over us to the rumblings of thunder. The blurred crescent of the moon struggled for freedom. Our camp fires crackled in the ghostly gloom, and quiet human voices pervaded the forest's deadly stillness save for the melody of the trickling water.

> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon lover.

Deserted Mahaella marked the limit of our westward journey. Here we struck at right angles the northern track to Yakkure, but, before taking it, deviated south to the village of Dolagalwella. For three days we had followed uncertain game trails, and seen no human beings besides those of our company. The path now began to show signs of use: there were chipped trees, polished stones on which axes had been whetted, and fire-places where monitors were roasted. Obviously we were nearing civilisation! Indeed, here it was.

Scaling a strong stockade we found ourselves in a *chena*, some twelve acres in extent, in which nestled the half dozen huts of the closely related families of a Vedda patriarchy. The maize and *kurrukkan* crops had been taken, and the place was now rank with a catch-crop of vegetables and fruit: beans, brinjals, melons, cassava, plantains and papaws. Chillies luxuriated; there was not a compound but had its vermilion heap, not a hut but had a section partitioned off with frame and fire-place for drying them during the rains; chillies were the current coin with which these folk traded with the pedlar Moors.

The males of the settlement were away in quest of food, and only the women and children remained. No folk on earth, perhaps, are shier than Vedda women; in the presence of the stranger they are dumb. Some of them were relatively fair-complexioned, presumably from Kandyan admixture; all wore an abundance of bead ornaments, finger

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with men astride them, bows fitted with tridentate arrows, and all manner of cabalastic signs. Many an interesting discovery awaits here the spade of the antiquary.

How different is the appeal of ruins buried in the remote forest, in the setting with which Time and Nature have invested them, from those set out in the trim nudity of archaeologic display with tourist-ridden roads leading up to them.

Leaving Dolagalwella we turned up north, and soon entered the first of a series of great parklands we were now to traverse. These fine shooting grounds were probably centuries ago flourishing fields of paddy, fed by large artificial tanks, the crumbling embankments of which often outlie the glades. This is why, perhaps, the best game country in Ceylon to-day is to be found in the precincts of old kingdoms such as those of Polonnaruwa, Anuradhapura and Tissamaharama.

We had put up for the night on a river bed many miles from the nearest settlement, when, to our surprise, a man armed with bow and arrows walked into camp. Approaching us without the least diffidence, he tapped us familiarly on the chest and looked us up and down appraisingly, speaking an incomprehensible jargon. Kombua, he happened to be, a Vedda of Dambana, a score of miles away. He affected ignorance of Sinhalese, and maintained the farce all the time he was with us; but if we wanted evidence that he was imposter in this, we had it the next morning when our cook accidentally dropped an ember on him: "This devil wants to burn me," he said in excellent Sinhalese, taken off his guard. A picturesque fellow was old Kombua, spare, sparse-bearded and beady-eyed. From his gaping ear-holes dangled loosely doubled strings of white beads. In a small bundle knotted round his waist was his baggage, and let into his waist-string was a small axe. He was alertness itself as he guided us the following day. His deep-set eyes took in everything. The flick of a leaf would petrify him on the instant, often with foot uplifted like a startled retriever; the faintest hum and he would search aloft, for honey is food to the Vedda.

The glades teemed with nesting green-pigeons. From many a low bough we started a bird, to discover its clutch of white eggs showing through the meagre nest. I was manoeuvring to add a couple of imperial pigeons to our menu, when of a sudden there was a flutter at my elbow and a jungle hen floated away into the cover of the bordering scrub. I had but to turn my head to discover her mottled eggs in a charred stump. The twigs and creepers about the nest gave it just that air of negligence that was its sole concealment. I debated with my companion as to the freshness of our find. "Oh, they contain young ones right enough; just feel how heavy they are," he said taking an egg in his hand with an air of expertness that disguised a tender heart. I had no pretensions to such skill, but knowing that a jungle hen lays some six to a dozen eggs and seeing that here were only three, decided to rob them, and justifiably as it turned out when we enjoyed them with bacon the following morning.

Coming to a stream we heard, closer than we had ever done before, the melodious mocking of that elusive cuckoo, *cuculus micropterus*. I asked Kombua to show it to me. "He cannot be seen," was the confident assertion of a Sinhalese. The Vedda awaited a repetition of the note, then peered into the dense foliage of a tall tree and in a trice was pointing

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114 487 Even a Vedda child should be able to pick its way through the jungle with no mark to guide it."

361 342 114 We had travelled thus a long while, and for all I knew had lost all trace of the Veddas, when we struck a stream where the foot-prints of a man and a dog were evident. Soon we were climbing up to Dhik-galge, to find, alas ! that not only was it deserted, but that no Veddas had been near it for many a long day. The Veddas had lied to the Chetty !

The cave we found ourselves in was a magnificent one—long, spacious and open to the sky, with tall straight trees towering before it. Below, a stream babbled over rocks, making delightful bathing pools. Around, was the tenderest music of birds. It was a romantic spot, specially designed, as it were, by Nature for the jungle-dweller. The dome of the cave was covered with crude drawings. A broken pot had been put in a niche. There were fragments of filthy rag, a large cooking frame and dry leaves which had long previously been slept upon. The rocky floor was smooth in places where *kurrukhan* had been rubbed to flour with flat worn stones, and cupped where maize had been pounded. The *araichi* of Paragahakelle had spoken true. A handful of moss, peeping from a crevice, revealed, when disturbed, a couple of fledglings. Our first thought was that they were young swiftlets, left there to die by ruthless nest-hunters ; but they flew too strongly for that ; and soon, the piteous cries of the parent birds told us that we had inadvertently rifled a fly-catcher's nest.

114 It was mid-day, and, being very tired, we sat down to a meal ; I to camp-pie and chocolate, the others to raw cassava. Our hunger abated, I reminded our guides that my offer of a reward still stood, and that he would get it, who brought me up with even one of those Veddas wherever he might be. Asking us to stay where we were, Meenemaruwa and the half-Vedda of Galmede vanished into the jungle.

The better part of an hour must have elapsed when we heard the latter calling to us excitedly. He said that Meenemaruwa was in hot pursuit of the Veddas who, to judge by their traces, were making away at great speed, evidently scared by the sight of my shoe-prints.

222 224 482 142 609 Following at a run, we eventually came upon them—a wild, swarthy group of two men and two boys, freighted with the spoils of the chase ; each with his sackful of edible bird's nests, dried sambur meat and *bambara* honey ; the leaders with two old muzzle-loaders. May the picture not fade. Suthubanda was there, and the youth Badapissa as our sleuths had told us. But the figure that arrested my fancy most was a wild, fiery-eyed, shaggy-haired fellow of twenty-five—an ebon Apollo. Gama he was called because he was born on a journey (*gamana*). To his waist was attached the inflated bladder of the sambur they had killed. Nor did his looks belie his character, for, even as we came up, [578] he flared into foul-mouthed fury at a tired, inoffensive boy of their company.

They were delighted with the tobacco and betel we shared out to them, and gave us honey in return. Money they refused. When we asked them how it was that they had not been in Dhik-galge as they had said they were, their only answer was a hearty laugh !

600 It was hail and farewell ! for the hour was past noon, and the Veddas had many miles to make before nightfall ; so had we. But those shadows of the spangled forest were soon to call me again.